

Sealed

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Summary: Hello my name is Chirstopher Crowley but most people call me Chris. And this is the story of how an ordinary 18-year-old in California acquired God like powers and fought to save a world he thought was all part of a video game... Based off of Awakening story line with an OC that has incredible powers but learns it might not be enough... My 1st ever fan fic so yeah...

Chapter 1: Chapter 1 The Sealing

Chapter One

The Sealing

Today began like any other day. I walked to the bus stop. Got on the bus to my school. Sat in the back playing Fire Emblem Awakening on my 3DS. Got off at North Nicolas High School. Went to boring ass classes, hung out with my friends at lunch, went to a "pep" rally that no one seemed interested in, and rode the bus home. It was a normal day in a normal life until I got to the driveway of my house. Suddenly I collapsed in the driveway. I felt like I was dying. Everything was in immense pain. Years of playing offensive line in football have taught me to withstand pain but this was something else. This was... almost like every bone in my body snapped at once. 'Amazingly' I thought to myself 'I haven't blacked out yet from the pain.' Then my hands started burning. I looked over at my right hand and a symbol was F-ing burning itself into my right hand! Its like the hand of God decided to use a cattle brand on my hand! I started to hear a voice. 'Great now im hearing things' It sounded heavenly and I couldn't make out what it was saying. "So—y" Soy? No thanks I don't want any soy sauce... stuff taste like ass anyway.

"Sorry this had to be done..."

Yeah your not the one getting branded like cattle here.

'Who are you?' I ask mentally. I must really be going crazy or else this is all a horrid dream.

"I am the Divine Dragon Naga."

Naga? As in FE 13 Naga? Please don't be a goddamn self-insert. I've read those on Fanfiction and nothing ever goes the way its supposed too.

"I don't have much time. I am using my soul to bind the Fell Dragon's soul but my power is nearing its limits."

'What does that mean? And what does that have too with me dyeing a slow agonizing death?'

"Peace my child. I have to seal both Grima and my self away. I will attempt to destroy the Fell one's soul with my own. But destroying both our souls will result in the power of the Divine and Fell one running rampant."

'So you want a big ass Mason jar or something?' I answer somehow sarcastically even though im dying.

"What? Never mind. A jar wont hold both my power and the Fell one's power alone. No. One with a strong soul must bear the burden of wielding the Divine and the Fell."

'But why me? I can't really see how I would be fit for the powers of gods.'

"NO MORTAL YOU ARE NOT WORTHY OF THESE POWERS!"

A very scary and pissed of voice roared in response. 'Is that Grima?'

"It is."

"NAGA YOU TRULY INTEND TO SEAL MY POWER INSIDE A MORTAL?"

"No. I intend to seal both of us."

'What?'

"WHAT!?"

We both answer at the same time.

"A strong soul will be required because Fell and Divine cannot coexist. The two will clash resulting in the powers of both draining. The pain you feel child is Grima's power clashing with my own. It will subside soon."

Almost immediate after she said that the pain started to ease... a little and it was slowly getting better.

"IT MATTERS NOT! IF I PERISH THE DARK POWER YOU SEALED IN HIM WILL CORRUPT HIM! HE WILL BECOME THE NEW GRIMA! HAHAAH!"

"You are mistaken. My power is inside of him too. Listen child and listen well the power of Divine and Fell will rest within you. Do not wield either in excess or the power will corrupt you. Learn to control both sides and you shall surpass both of us."

Surpass Naga and Grima? Sounds too good to be true. 'Very well I will try... no promises though.'

"Fair enough. Lets end this now Grima you shall perish with me!" Naga roared with a ferociousness I never thought I would hear from the "Nice Dragon" of the Awakening world.

"NO NAGA YOU WENCH! I SHALL RISE AGAIN AND I WILL HAVE FURY!" Please don't go on about mustard of doom or sandwiches of defeat.

"LISTEN WELL BOY YOU WILL NEVER MASTER THE GLORIOUS ARTS OF -!"

"Good bye Chris"

"NAGA YOU INTERRUPTED MY RANTING YOU BIT-!"

And then there was silence. And sweet relief. The pain was gone. 'Note to self Dragon powers hurt like hell.'

I decided to inspect where the hand of god decided to use his cattle brand. I froze when I looked at the back of my hands. On the right was the goddamn Brand of the Exalt! My inner fan freaked out for a second then I took a good look on my left hand and saw the Mark of Grima staring at me in all its creepiness. 'Great now I gotta explain these tattoos to my parents. Ill say I lost a bet or something.' I thought. Another thought crossed my mind. I was lying in the driveway squirming in obvious pain but not a single person came out and helped me. And I sure as hell don't hear no sirens so unless we have the worst 911 service in California no one called 911. I started getting madder and madder by the second. "Why those lazy good for nothing-" I stop my mutterings when I see a purple haze coming off my left hand in response to my increasing anger. "Oh shit" I whisper to myself. 'Think happy thoughts. Kittens and butterflies... Kittens ridding butterflies.' The purple haze dissipated and the mark on my left hand stop glowing. I decide the driveway isn't the best place for inspecting any changes so I walk into the house. And immediately remember no one is home. Now I have dragon powers and feel like an ass cause my parents are in Sacramento. I go to the mirror to make sure nothing else changed. I sigh in relief. I stare at the mirror and the same 6' 256 pound lineman wearing a North Nicolas Cowboys hoodie and jeans stares back. 'So the only change is hand tattoos and a glowing haze hand when im pissed? Well this demands experimentation.' I chuckle 'Miriel would be proud.'

End of Chapter 1

Chapter 2: Chapter 2 The Adventure begins

Disclaimer: i don't own nothing. Nintendo owns Fire Emblem

Chapter 2 The Adventure Begins

"HYAAA" I yelled as I fling a blue-green fireball at some cans. 'Huh so if I think fireball I get fireball.' I'm starting to learn how to wield the Divine and Fell powers. Its all concentration. I have to feel the power then envision my attack. Sounds cliché I know but hey it works. I found a spot in the orchards near my house and stated practicing magic. So far I can throw baseball sized pretty fire balls, a small wave of darkness that knocks over cans and doesn't do much else, use divine magic to heal which saved my ass from a couple of not so cooperative fireballs, oh and I can summon a risen. And I mean A risen. A single shitty risen. Not even a cool fighter or myrmidon no its one of those creepy ass reaveants. What ever it made good target practice. Even if it moved slower then a drunk Russian turtle on a Friday afternoon. Well I just noticed its starting to get dark out. I should probably get back before people start to worry.

Some time passed... by some time I mean 3 weeks and im a lot better now then I was 3 weeks ago. I've learned how to control what I call "Holy Fire", I can manipulate darkness, summon a DECENT 4-5 man squad of risen, and have some sort of tracker vision. By tracker vision I mean I can focus my eyes and see living things almost like Promethean vision from Halo 4. Every person I see in this vision glows green... except me and any risen I summon. I glow blue but its strange that I cant see the risen at all... unless I switch over to this weird satanic vision. Then I can see ONLY the risen but just like the other more calming and peaceful vision I can see the red glow of risen from extreme distances and through solid objects. I also learned I can use the dark magic to teleport... but only short distances and I can also communicate telepathically using holy magic... that was an interesting experience... cops showed up cause I convinced a hobo he had completely lost it and started shouting up and down the street. Yeah interesting times. Today I was out in the orchards doing my routine training when I heard a heavenly voice I though died along time ago.

"Heed my call one who bears the Fell one's powers as well as my own."

'Naga? Is that really you?' I answer mentally.

"Tis indeed me."

'But I thought you sacrificed your self to kill Grima?'

"I did not. But the Naga you speak of did."

'But I thought you were Naga?'

"I am indeed but the Naga you speak of was from a different realm then I. Are you familiar with the Outrealms?"

Guess the Outrealm Gate isn't just for DLC. 'Yeah i am. So can I help you or are you just bored?'

"Boredom is not something I struggle with. I am here to for your assistance. The Fell Dragon has brought the world to its knees."

'Lemme guess armies of risen and a big pissed of dragon smashing everything in sight?'

"You know of this realm?"

'A little' I lie back. I actually know quite a bit considering I beat Awakening 13 times... and yet still haven't managed to beat Lunatic.

"Then that makes the explanation easier. I have sent back a few to alter the past. I would ask of you to join them in this realm."

'So you want me to drop everything and leave everyone I know to save a world that I thought was a game until 3 weeks ago?'

"Well when you say it like that..."

'Ah im just messing with you where do I sign?'

"I'm afraid signing things isn't required." Jeez now I know why Lucina has no sense of humor.

'It was a joke. Ill do it.'

"Truly?"

'Yup'

"Ok I shall open a portal the Ylisse."

'Wait before you do I have a quick question.'

"Ask your question."

'You do realize I am half of you and half of the Fell One himself right? Aren't you worried he might try and steal the dark power from me to become stronger?'

"I am aware of your power. He cannot steal your power because it is bonded to you and the other Naga's power. It is why I reached out to you. The Fell Dragon cannot die unless he is"

'Slain by his own hand correct?' I interrupt.

"Yes."

'So you want me to end him for good?'

"Yes"

'Aight. Get ready Grima cause im coming for ya.'

"I shall use my remaing strength to open the portal. Good luck Christopher."

'You can call me Chris.'

"Very well Chris."

An with that a portal opened right in front of me. Man I gotta work on my own power so I can just go "Portal Activate" and summon one. As im about to step through I stop and think... 'Do I really wanna leave this nice time period of peace and prosterity to fight legions of bandits, zombies, and relgious fanatics?' Well f- it I promised I would do this so here it goes. "LETS DO THIS!" I shout before yelling "LEEEEEERRRRRRROOOOOOYYY JEEEEENNNNNNNKKKKKKIIIIINSSSS!" and leaping through the portal.

The part most shows and movies leave out is portals can be really disorienting. apparently gaining the power of two dragons doesn't cure one's weakness to motion sickness. After heroically dashing thorough the portal I end up stumbling out the other end and immediately empty my lunch on the ground... of a forest... with what appears to be a blazing inferno in front of me. I inspect my self and realize I nothings missing... though I should have left my phone at home... wont do much good here although I do have the headphones... nah Ill save it for later. Looking around I decide the best course of action would be to get away from the blazing fire in front of me. That turned out to be a really bad idea cause I ran right into a group of not so friendly looking risen. "Oh boy this is gonna suck major ass." I mutter as I prepare for combat.

End of Chapter 2

Well that's Chapter 2. Hope you liked it... I'm new to this site so i'm still trying to figure stuff out so i apologize if the formats a bit buggy. Ill try and update this when i can... and while i have a general idea of what im gonna do story wise and sort of feedback would be helpful... This HonkyNinjaJesus signing off... Stay classy FanFiction.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3 The 1st Battle

Disclaimer: I don't own Fire Emblem. Nintendo does.

Chapter 3 The 1st Battle

"Oh boy this is gonna suck major ass." I mutter as the group of 5 or so risen give me a look that says "dinner." I wonder do risen eat people? Or do they just chop em n drop em? Shit not the time to let my mind wander. Gotta focus on the zombies in front of me. I activate the "Risen Vision" as I have decided to call it. Looks like 5. Two up front with axes, One with a sword and two I am guessing archers in the rear. The axe men charge frantically towards me. 'Now or never' I thought as the brand of the exalt glows and a blue green fireball forms in my hand. I hurled the fire towards them and nailed one right in the chest scoring an immediate kill as I dissolves into purple haze. My mini celebration is interrupted by the second one jumping and attempting to split me in half. I jump back landing on my ass as the axe impacts the ground inches away from my uh "Family Jewels." I started frantically crawling backwards before charging a small fire ball and launching it at the im guessing Fighter class risen. The fire ball hits it and staggers it giving me time to get up on my feet. I prepare another fire ball when I feel a stabbing sensation in my right shoulder. The archers have decided to join the party and the first shot struck true.

"Son of a bitch! That F-king hurt!" I yelled out.

Ironically I can withstand a dragon deathmatch inside my body but not arrows. The second archer misses its mark barely and before the first one can rearm I sent a fire ball towards it. With the distance it easily saw it and dodged it. The fighter risen from earlier starts swing its axe wildly but its too slow hit me. I keep the fighter in front of me so the archers can't target me. 'Wait a moment... Where is that one with the sword?' I thought and as if on cue the mercenary jumps from my left side ready to run its blade through me. I let the mark of Grima on my left hand glow and fire a small blast of pure darkness that slams the risen against a tree knocking its sword free but doesn't kill him. During my lapse in concentration the fighter got a golden opportunity to get a nice slash across my chest leaving a nice wound and a gash in my favorite North Nicolas hoodie.

'Damn... it looks a lot less painful in game.'

The fighter raises its axe ready to finish me. The moment it raised his axe up I saw an opening and using my past experience as an offensive lineman for the varsity football team I immediately shoot my left palm forward slamming into his chest causing it to stagger and almost drop the axe. I activate Naga's power and heal the gash in my chest. I can't heal the arrow wound til I can get the damn thing out. The fighter side stepped allowing the archers to target me once again. They fire and I threw myself to the right wincing in pain as I landed on my injured shoulder. I launched a wave of darkness from my left hand slamming it in the chest dissolving it instantly. The archers have readied their bows and in desperation threw another blast of Grima's power causing an explosion right in front of them throwing up dust but according to my Risen Vision they survived. I turn towards the now recovered mercenary who is now pissed and charging me. It jumps and prepares to bring its sword down. I jump back and regret it as the moment lands it raises its sword and does a 360 slash cutting me right in chest again. I blasted it back with a wave of darkness before charging a Holy fireball and hitting him square in the chest. But the jackass survives and gets up looking pissed.

'How can he survive three strikes when the big bad fighters could barely handle one?' I wonder.

But then I remember fighters have really low resistance stats so they are weak to magic.

'But mercenaries have decent resistance they definitely ain't no troubadours. I pray to god this ain't on lunatic or something. I glance over at the archers and realize they aren't interested in me anymore. I activate the "Heavenly Vision" as I have decided to call it and notice a single blue figure charging towards them.

'Strange.' I thought 'Back home only I appeared blue and everyone else was green. I why only me and this other person glow blue?'

I snap back to Risen Vision and notice the charging mercenary and when it swings its sword level with my chest I duck down and football tackle it to the ground. I nearly cry from the pain of my right shoulder before I started hammering the risen in the face with my left fist. After about 5 blows the risen dissolves leaving an iron sword behind. I returned my vision to normal and glance over at the archers. I see a sword run through the last one dissolving it. I get a good look at the other person. He was about average height blue hair, mask, dressed like Marth...wait

'Blue hair, mask, dresses like Marth, and has a fancy sword? Shit that must be Lucina.'

He/She notices me and calls out "Are you alright?" in a clearly disguised voice.

"Yeah" I call back pointing to the arrow "This is just a flesh wound."

Clearly unimpressed by my sense of humor she points towards the way he/she came

"The Shepard are in that direction and they have a healer with them. She should be able to help with" she points towards the arrow "That."

"Oh okay thanks miss-" Oh shit I messed up.

"How?" he/she looks at me holding Falchion threatening me with said blade.

"How what?"

"How did you know?"

"How did I what?"

"How did you know I am a woman?" she responds irritably my routine clearly starting to rub away at her patience.

"Well its just obvious by the way you carry yourself." I lie back.

"Well that is unimportant." She responds. "You may call me Marth."

"You mean like the one from the stories?" I ask

"Yes... that Marth... Now if you'll excuse me I must make sure these monsters are all dead." She says before leaving. I throw around the idea of telling her what I know but decide against it. She'll either think I'm working for Grima or I'm insane. I start heading towards the direction she pointed. Along the way I bit the bullet tearing out the arrow and healing the wound with Naga's power. I start hearing sounds like metal clashing. I look down and freeze. I just realized if I approach the Shepherds like this they'll see the brand on my right hand and start asking questions. I search my pockets and found this black fingerless glove I found the other day. Heh they said being a kleptomaniac wouldn't come in handy. I disagree. I found that picking up random pencils, toys, gloves, and whatever random stuff I come across has helped me in more ways then I care to admit. I slide said glove over my right hand and prepare a fireball in my hand. Thank god the brand doesn't shine through the glove. When I get to a clearing in the forest I see 3 risen charging a blue haired man and a person in a brown almost black coat.

'Must be Chrom and uh im gonna go with Robin until he introduces him or her self.'

Immediately Chrom rushed forward to greet the risen while "Robin" hurls a ball of thunder at risen charging from Chrom's right. The thunder kills the risen on impact while the middle risen which im guessing is a fighter jumps and prepares to bring his axe down. Chrom steps back causing said risen to miss while the fighter to his left prepares to bring his axe to Chrom. "Robin" rushes forward blade drawn ready to protect Chrom but I intervene sending the blue green fireball into the risen's backside causing it to dissolve into mist. Chrom has already the Falchion already imbedded in the last remaining risen.

"Thanks." Chrom says to me as I approach the duo.

"No problem Chrom." I answer casually.

"You know who I am?" he replies watching me carefully.

"But of course. Who wouldn't know the prince of Ylisse?" I reply.

I look over and I can Robin is clearly a He and he looks he just got told he was getting executed in 20 minutes.

"Wait Chrom you said you were Shepherds?!" He says starting to panic

"We are Shepherds. We just have a lot of sheep."

"Oh gods. I'm sorry milord I had no idea." Robin says panicking.

"Peace Robin" Ah so I was right it is Robin score one for me. "I don't care much for royal titles and I speak for my sister Lissa too." he says smiling. "Just Chrom will do fine."

"Okay..." He says calming down. "So uh who are you?" Robin says looking at me.

"Me? Oh im just a wanderer. The names Chris. I was attacked by those things and well here I am." I lie.

"OK but how did you cast that fire ball with out a tome?" Shit didn't think of that.

"Its a gift I have." I quickly lie.

"A gift?"

"Yeah I really don't know how it works... I just know it does."

I look around and notice a horse galloping towards us.

"Milord!" Its rider calls out. "I have- oh who is this milord?"

"At ease Fredrick. He is an ally" Chrom says covering my ass. Don't wanna deal with a suspicious Freddy. But im sure I will anyways.

"Ah...Milord are you certain of this?"

"Well he did save my life from one of those monster."

"Hmmm." Fredrick says eying me carefully. "Milord all of the creatures except for their leader have been put down. Sully and Virion are awaiting further orders as am I."

"Good"

"I'm guessing the red headed cavalier is Sully and the archer is Virion correct?" Robin asks.

"You guessed correctly" Chrom replies. "So Chris was it?"

"Yeah"

"Are you still good to fight?"

"Yeah I got some juice left."

"What?"

"Sorry its an expression from my homeland yeah im good."

Chrom nods in understanding while Fredrick eyes me. Robin then decides to voice his next plan.

"Fredrick you said only the leader is left correct?"

"Aye."

"Good... Are Sully Virion and Lissa still back where you left them?"

"To the best of my knowledge."

"Alright lets go regroup and ill tell you all the plan so we can take down the leader plus any stragglers safely."

So with that we march to where the others were taking 5 minutes or so.

"Took you long enough." I hear Sully say. "I was getting sick of Ruffles trying to hit on me... Kick him doesn't seem to shut him up."

"With each kick of your beautiful legs I only grow more attracted." Virion says back.

"Shut up or ill shove my boot right up your-"

"O-okay so Robin you gotta plan or what?" Lissa says changing the subject.

"Yes" Robin says removing his hood revealing to my disappointment the default white haired look. Never liked the white hair thing. White hair usually means weirdo as Japanese anime has taught me.

"Listen up. My plan is simple Virion Chris you two are with me. We are gonna soften up from a distance with arrows and magic."

"I presume that Chris is the new presence among us?" Virion asks.

"Hey" I respond.

"Yes Virion... now after our attack Sully and Fredrick will charge forward. Chrom will follow behind to finish it if it survives." Robin states. "Any questions?" Silence follows "Good. Now lets do this."

As we approach I activate Risen Vision... and notice something strange... Nobody glows except Robin. He glows a ghastly purple. I look at my hand and notice I do too. But yet no one else besides risen ever glow.

'That's weird... why do me and Robin glow? Why only us?' I look at my hands and the answers clear as day.

'The Mark of Grima' I thought. We glow purple cause we have the mark. Though I notice he glows a darker purple then I do. 'Maybe cause he actually is Grima?' I decide not to dwell on it and focus ahead as the chief decided he wanted to come visit. Robin pulls out his Thunder tome while Virion readies an arrow. I prep a fireball and await Robin's command.

"Now!" he shouts and we launch our attacks.

The arrow nails him in the chest and Robin's thunder scores a direct impact... My fireball decided to veer to the left and promptly fueled the fire that was raging in the background.

"Better luck next time Chris" Robin calls as Fredrick and Sully charge.

"Yeah yeah rub it in ya jackass."

I focus on the fight ahead. The risen chief is also a fighter and dodges Sully's Iron Lance but gets nailed by Fredrick's silver. The silver finishes it and it dissolves into nothingness.

"It seems all the creatures are vanquished." Fredrick states as he rides back.

"I have checked to make sure that is true." a new familiar voice states.

Lissa looks up and mutters "T-thank you for saving me earlier... I never got a chance to so im doing it now."

"You saved my sister. Might I have your name good sir?" Chrom asks.

After a short uncomfortable silence she finally gives the answer ive heard countless time.

"You may call me Marth..."

"You mean after the Hero-King of legend?" Huh I has deja vu. "You certainly fight like him who taught you anyways?"

"Im not here to talk about me." She says blowing off the question. "What you saw here tonight is but a prelude of the calamity that is to come." God its starting to bother me how they follow the in-game dialogue but its still not the same. Still life isn't a game... this is reality so I really should just let it slide before I go insane. And now Marth is leaving.

"Thats a... rather ominous warning..." Robin observes.

"Indeed. He doesn't strike as the talkative type." Freddy observes. "But his skill with a blade should not be doubted."

"Yeah... he saved my ass before I ran into you guys." I add.

"You met him before?" Chrom asks.

"Literally like 10 minutes before I saw you and Robin in that clearing. He helped me take down some risen hiding out there."

"So care to explain why you were in the forest?" Fredrick asks looking at me.

"Me? Oh I just decided to go for a stroll."

"In the middle of the night?"

"Never said it was a smart decision..."

"Peace Fredrick." Chrom speaks up. "If he was an enemy he wouldn't have saved me from the risen."

Fredrick says nothing else but his eyes are still watching me like hawk.

"Soooo you coming with us?" Lissa adds cheerfully.

"Yeah ill go with you guys... got nowhere better to be." I say with a smile.

"An amnesiac tactician and a wandering mage that doesn't use tomes. I'd say we found some good recruits for the Shepherds." Chrom states. "So how about it Chris? Do you want to join?"

"I don't have anything else going on so yeah im in." I say scratching the back of my head. In all honesty I always thought it would be cool to join the Shepherds. But at the same time if I let a couple of details

slip... wait this isn't a game anymore. The future is unpredictable. If I cough at the wrong moment the future could rewrite and suddenly there is a war with the Ferox. Well to late to change my mind I already said yes.

"OK then its settled." Lissa states. "Your coming with us to Ylissstol."

"If I may ask." Fredrick says still giving me the evil eye. "Where do you hail from?"

"A very distant land." I state. "Its to the far west."

"So you hail from Valm good sir?" Virion asks.

"Try further west then that. Ever heard of America?"

"I cannot say I have." Fredrick says still watching like a hawk. "Why would you travel here if its so far?"

"I just felt like traveling." I lie. I always thought I was a bad liar. But I guess im better then I thought. Or they are just tired from fighting and don't feel like arguing.

"So how far is Ylissstol?" I ask. In the game it just fades to black and they arrive. I'm pretty sure that isn't how reality works.

"About a few hours march." Chrom replies. "We should arrive soon after dawn."

"Well then. Lets get walking." I say almost too cheerily. And with that we are marching. Its starting to get lighter and the forest inferno seems to have died down a bit. As we were about to exit the forest I used Heavenly Vision and scan the surrounding area. There is no one else besides us but I notice another anomaly. Like me, Chrom and Lissa glow blue while everyone else is green. Except I realized I can't see Robin. I realized this cause I walked right into him.

"Ouch... you alright?" Robin asked rubbing the spot where I accidentally ran into him.

"Yeah... I spaced out for a minute."

"Huh... Got a lot on your mind?"

"Yeah... thinking of stuff..."

"You thinking of your homeland?"

"Nah... just wondering what the rest of the Sheppard are like."

"Oh..." Robin stands there for a minute clearly thinking about something.

'He wants to ask me something I can tell but I can't figure out what...'

"Say... I have a question." Robin finally says.

"And I might have an answer." I reply in a smart ass tone.

"Haha really funny." He replies sarcastically. "But seriously I wanted to ask you."

He pauses before presenting his right hand and removing his glove revealing his Mark of Grima. "About this."

"What about it?"

"Don't play dumb. I can see you have the same mark on your left hand and I saw it glow earlier. I'm sure you know

something about."

I look at the others. Chrom and Fredrick are discussing something and it looks like Sully and Lissa are talking to each other while Virion's hopeless flirting is being completely ignored. 'No eavesdroppers. OK I'll tell him. Even though I'm probably gonna regret this.' I pulled him close and whispered in his ear.

"That mark on your hand is the Mark of the Fell dragon Grima."

Robin looks confused then I remember he has amnesia. "What does that mean?"

"It means... bad things. I would prefer not to go into details... this little secret stays between us OK?"

"Yeah fine. But I expect you to tell me everything soon."

"I will... If word of your mark and its meaning got around it could cause serious trouble."

Robin nods then Chrom calls him up to the front to speak with him. I walk alone with my thoughts turned to the future... or at least the game's intended future. 'I wonder if I'll have future kids?' Heh I could imagine having a mini-me walking around kicking everyone's ass 'That would be f-king awesome! Except I wonder who the mother would be...' I think back to my previous playthroughs. 'In the game I've beaten it exactly 7 times. 4 times as a male avatar. 3 as a female. As a male a married Tharja, Lucina, Anna, and Cordelia.' Well I should probably stop thinking of the future and focus on the present. Although it is a loooooooong walk to Ylisstol...

End of Chapter 3

Well that's Chapter 3... Tell me what you think and let me know what you like and let me know what you didn't like... Like i said earlier i have an idea where i wanna go with this story its just finding time to write it as well getting the actual idea and removing the rough edges to make it work for the story. Also shout out to AlimBloodMoon for giving me my 1st review... It was greatly appreciated. Anyways this is HonkyNinjaJesus signing off... Things get REAL crazy past 8:30...